

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVII February 19, 1943 NUMBER 18

THE WEEK	435
RUSSIA UNDER THE NAZI YOKE	
<i>Helen Iswolsky</i>	438
PERMUTATION (<i>Verse</i>)	
<i>T. Sgt. Frederick Ebright</i>	440
PEMBINA	<i>T. D. Lyons</i> 441
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	<i>Michael Williams</i> 443
THE STAGE	<i>James N. Vaughan</i> 444
THE SCREEN	<i>Philip T. Hartung</i> 445
HAUSHOFER'S GEOPOLITICAL THEORIES	<i>Max Fischer</i> 446
EDITORS' CHOICE	448
<i>John Bach McMaster—Art of Worldly Wisdom</i>	
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK	450
<i>The Command of the Air—Listen, Hans—How to Teach Consumers' Cooperation—The American Leonardo—Little China</i>	
THE INNER FORUM	453

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscription: U. S., \$5.00; Canada and Foreign, \$6.00

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR., PHILIP BURNHAM (now on duty with the armed forces) HARRY LOBIN RINNEB, Managing Editor; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Special Editor; C. G. PAULDING, Literary Editor; JOHN C. CORT, Associate Editor; JOHN BRUBAKER, Advertising Manager.

The Progress of Russian Arms

THE spectacular Russian successes in Stalin-grad, Rostov, Kharkov, Kursk are heartening. They spell bloodshed on a gigantic scale and suffering beyond the reach of a comfortable American imagination, yet these are bloodshed and suffering principally visited upon an Army which is itself responsible for terrible crimes, and it is only human—if un-Christian—to take a certain pleasure in the spectacle. Yet quite apart from the immediate significance of the day's good news from the Eastern Front, these events have a more remote and a more important significance.

It does not seem impossible that a victorious Russian Army may in time push its way to the frontiers of Western Europe, and if this should happen before any other armed forces of the United Nations succeed in cracking Germany's western defenses, a political problem of the first magnitude will confront the world, and particularly the governments of the United States and Great Britain. Obviously under such circumstances it would be beyond our power—and very silly, too—to prevent Russia's crossing over into Germany proper or any of her central European satellites. We could scarcely ask for such self-restraint, and we would certainly be in no position to enforce it. And yet there is no use pretending that a large majority of Americans would not be alarmed at seeing Russia's might spreading out into hitherto non-Soviet territories. This possi-

bility brutally raises the question of what shall be our future relations with the USSR.

Certainly the relations between the USSR and the Western Powers prior to 1939 were far from satisfactory. The American policy of non-recognition was far wiser and morally justifiable than the almost simon-pure dishonesty with which the diplomats of the Third Republic treated the Russian government. All of the Western Democracies were guilty of the worst kind of Machiavellianism—a cowardly Machiavellianism—in their relations with the Soviet Union. Obviously they abhorred and feared communism, and would have preferred to have nothing to do with the Russian State. Equally obviously they simply could not ignore one of the world's largest nations. The result was to confirm in the Russian mind utter suspicion of everything the Western Powers did.

A Russian victory will mean having to deal with Moscow on terms of intimacy unprecedented since the Revolution. No one can positively affirm how extensive will be Russian claims on territory this side of the 1941 frontier. But we can be sure of one thing. If we deal with the Soviets in the same pattern as that of pre-1939 Anglo-Soviet and Franco-Soviet relations, Russia's claims will be far greater than if we deal as honestly and truthfully as we know how. The United States has not as yet won any reputation for chicanery and Lavalian double-dealing in the Kremlin. We can still deal straightforwardly and honestly with Stalin if we choose. And no matter how much we dislike the ideology of communism, common morality requires that we deal loyally with it. The sins or errors or failings of another person cannot justify immoral actions on our part toward that person. And we may be sure that an atmosphere of distrust can have only one result—to force Russia to enlarge her claims when the war is over.

Hitler's Greatest Victims

IN THE heavy toll daily exacted of the Jews in Poland—and indeed of nazi-conquered peoples everywhere—who is more to be pitied, victim or executioner? Obviously the former according to the viewpoint of the world. But there is a contrary view. Sholem Asch, remarkable Jewish novelist, has the following to say in the New York Times Magazine Section, referring specifically to the systematic mass slaughter of the Jews of Europe now being carried on in Poland: "Sometimes I wonder who is to be more pitied, the victims or the murderers. Innocent men, women and children, most of whom are deeply religious, believe that they see the light of salvation in their martyr death. I imagine that it is not difficult for them to exchange their miserable existence under Hitlerism for their spiritual lives in the next world. On the other hand, their murderers (if among them there are still some who possess

human feelings) must see the sign of Cain which will be branded upon them. . . ."

As the tide of battle turns, the day of these ruthless oppressors and liquidators of civilians on regilious, racial, national or terrorizing grounds grows short. Already there is a growing rumble of the vengeful or juridical retribution that will be wreaked upon them. Those who meet violent death at the hands of an outraged populace or by decree of a legally constituted military court will, most of them, have no conviction of dying in a noble cause. Deep in their hearts they will know that they are receiving their just deserts. Yet it is not for the fear that is beginning to haunt them for their crimes against fellow human beings, or the terrible fate that awaits them, that they are most to be pitied and prayed for. It is because they continue to murder the innocent. For in the last analysis, as Dom Columba Marmion puts it, "sin is the only true evil."

Labor Stops Dreaming

THE leaders of American labor really seem to have wakened from their deep, sweet dream of love and security. Maybe it was the wild-eyed speeches of Eddie (President of Eastern Air Lines) Rickenbacker that finally shook the sand from their eyes and made it possible to see the "Mene, Thecal, Phares" in big, black letters on the wall.

Within three days, at any rate, there came three separate items of good news, three separate proofs that labor has seen the danger and is stirring itself to meet it. On February 5 Phil Murray revealed that the CIO, AFL, Railroad Brotherhoods, and the National Farmers Union will combine their strength in a joint legislative committee that can speak for 13,000,000 American workers of farm and factory. On February 7, William Green reported the formation of another joint committee, the American Labor Conference on International Affairs, which includes CIO, AFL and the Brotherhoods, and will work on the broader problems of war and peace from the labor angle. And finally on the same day the CIO executive board announced an all-out war on absenteeism in defense plants.

Of these three developments the first is, of course, the most important, the most hopeful for the future. It is too bad that the miners aren't in on it, but we assume that John L. was invited and preferred to go on hoeing his own proud, peculiar row. What is especially wonderful about this story is the inclusion of the Farmers' Union, one of the three large national farm organizations and a much more progressive and intelligent group than either the Farm Bureau or the Grange. It is only natural that industrial labor should think too much about itself, and farmers, including farm labor, too much about themselves. We can

think of no better way to get them thinking about each other, an activity that should bear good, nourishing fruit for everyone involved.

Labor is waking up, and we are delighted. But the day is far spent and the big fight is still ahead.

Sharing the Sacrifice

IT IS a truism that war in the modern world is the most expensive of human activities. The deceptive thing is that most of us think of its cost in terms of dollars and budgets rather than in terms of paying something ourselves, and this not in the form of dollars for taxes or war bonds but in the form of doing more work for less return.

Obviously the pay of our soldiers and sailors could not possibly be as large as that which we take for granted with equally skilled laborers in industry. Thus the men who risk their lives accept an economic sacrifice which is very much taken for granted, and sometimes is so severe as to reach the breaking point. For instance, the proposed payments to wives with young children, if ever husbands in this category come to be drafted, are iniquitously small. A wife with three children would have to try to live on \$82 a month. Obviously it can't be done in any American city, and it would be a very tight squeeze in the country.

The civilian population in general makes some sacrifice by not being able to purchase any of the gadgets which have become an integral part of American living, and yet this is a very unreal and tenuous sacrifice indeed. By and large the civilian population has not yet begun to pay for the war, except in terms of money and taxes. It has not yet begun to work harder for less return. Nor can civilians be expected to accept this kind of sacrifice unless it is equitably distributed.

That is why we approve and favor the President's action in setting a limit to salaries and urging that a similar limit be put upon incomes, however derived. We cannot even ask labor to give up its claims to wage adjustments larger than those provided by the Little Steel formula if labor sees the profits of ownership and the salaries of management increasing without let. Yet obviously it is economically impossible to maintain our present standard of living. It is impossible for wages—especially in the more highly paid trades—to be raised proportionately to every increase in the cost of living without danger of bankruptcy through inflation.

On such ground—a ground both of morals and morale—one could fairly assert that the most important single factor in preventing inflation is precisely the factor which has the least economic importance—the factor of executives' salaries and private income from investments. We urge Congress to remember this and not be over-impressed by purely economic arguments against an income ceiling, however cogent.

Naples

LISTEN. This has nothing to do with bombing and how to bomb a dock without hitting houses near the dock. This has nothing to do with asking bombardiers to be careful. Anyone in his senses knows that our airmen try to hit military and legitimate objectives and this has nothing to do with protesting when they miss the military objectives and kill civilians near the docks. This has nothing to do with any fanciful idea that it is a pity to kill Italians but that it is all right to kill Germans or Japanese. This has nothing to do with the sadness inevitable in war.

A purely informative piece. A supplement to the map on which we pin the flags to show where our men are active in the war, the islands they occupy, the continents they have reached, the line they hold in Africa, the Italian ports our airmen are bombing. There is this reality which is far away from us. The sun comes up and the sun goes down and American soldiers are in daylight and in darkness at other times than we are. The powder burns in the cartridge, the bullet goes a certain distance and hits the earth, a tree, a man. A man in a plane, sights, presses a button, the bombs are released; they describe a calculable arc, they fall, they touch, they explode and presently there is silence—the dust settling. All this is a reality which is distant from us. We do not hear the bomb, the rifle, the machine gun, the mortar, the cannon, we do not see the dying, we do not bury the dead. But, because this reality which is distant from us and exterior, has also its real existence in our minds, and can be contained and must be held also in our minds, we follow our soldiers, wherever they go, in our minds, and this is our war as well as it is theirs and our responsibility as well as it is theirs. We do not suffer as they do, we do not suffer at all in the sense in which they suffer, our feeling of separation from them is not the same as their feeling of separation from us: it is perhaps greater—but that is the old argument about the train leaving the station and whether it is worse to be in it or worse to be left behind, and one is less lonely in a strange village than when the slightest thing is disarranged or absent in one's own. We follow our troops wherever they go and they now have dropped bombs on the harbor of Naples and this is simply a page from the guide book so that we may know a little what Naples is like.

Funiculi, funicula, the tourists in the funicular are taken up Mount Vesuvius. Funicula, funiculi, they are taken down to Pompeii and Herculaneum and they see the body of the watch dog who died guarding his master's house. "These Romans were like us: they had tables, chairs, beds, hot water, central heating." Back in Naples along the water front beggars bother tourists. In the

Museum the guide motions the gentlemen away from the ladies: would you care to see the *camera oscena*, ladies are not permitted, the ladies can wait here among the statues, it will take but a moment.

In the port the excursion boat is sailing for Sorrento, for Capri, for Ischia, troopships are sailing for Libya, for Ethiopia, for Spain, for Libya again, for Albania, for Greece, for Libya again. Year after year. There is a brass band and the children of the fascist organizations are lined up in formation. They are waving to the men on the ships. They are alone to wave to the men on the ships because the mens' families are in the Abruzzi, in the valley of the Arno, in the plain of the Po, in the hills of Calabria. And the Neapolitans themselves have seen it all too often and they do not come to the quay to watch the ships leave: they do not come down to wave to the men on the ships. Year after year the troop ships sail. One year the ships carry the mothers, the fathers and the children, to the new homes on the new farms which have been prepared for them in the new colonies of the Empire. It is always the same thing. Emigration, war, emigration to America, emigration to Brazil, war, ships filled with emigrants, ships filled with soldiers, emigration to Ethiopia, emigration to Libya, war. "Every village in Italy needs rebuilding and will be rebuilt," Mussolini said, "we must and we can make Italy a fit place to live in"—and then he went into Ethiopia. Year after year the ships sailing. The fishing ships go out, the little yachts go out to race in the bay, in the late summer afternoon the Reale Club Canottieri sends out an eight for a practice run.

There is one layer after another of houses which have been torn down and then a house erected on the rubble of the first house and then another and another throughout the centuries from the days when Naples was a Greek colony. There are catacombs and then a church on top of the catacombs. The catacombs are decorated with skulls and the walls are decorated with designs formed out of the bones of the dead and a young girl with a shawl over her head touches the bones and then puts her hand to her lips. In the church are the recumbent statues of the quiet dead, Frenchmen of Anjou and Normandy, Spaniards, Neapolitans.

In this city which has amassed the torment and the hope of so many years, where the present is superimposed upon so heavy a past, the living are very close to the dead, the rich to the poor, the happiness of the poor—the songs, the language—very close to sorrow, inseparable from grief. At a street corner in the night a blind boy sings accompanied by an old man with a guitar. A girl listens, blows him a kiss, walks on.

C. G. PAULDING.

Russia under the Nazi Yoke

What little evidence
there is available.

By Helen Iswolsky

THE RED ARMY'S successful drives during recent weeks and the liberation of a great number of Russian cities and villages must not make us forget that immense areas of Russian territory and a population of fifty to sixty million are still in German hands. There have been frightful rumors of mass-starvation and of a misery so great that international relief workers have returned from this inferno not only discouraged but completely unnerved. It has often been said that one of the essential factors which determined Russian resistance and stimulated the population's fighting spirit is the intense wrath and repulsion inspired by the German methods of conquest and domination.

All this we know, and yet a shroud of mystery still veils these forbidden regions from our eyes. We can scarcely imagine to ourselves what is going on in occupied Russia. Only a very few facts are available concerning nazi rule. And even these facts must be carefully checked and sifted before we can reach definite conclusions. What we do know seems to make clear that if the unfortunate Russian populations are condemned to terrible suffering, all does not run smoothly for the conqueror; he is encountering the greatest difficulties and has committed irreparable bunders.

This, for instance, is the opinion of an impartial observer, A. Ladyjensky, President of the Russian Christian Labor Movement in Geneva. Ladyjensky, who has either personally visited occupied Russia (presumably for relief work) or obtained information through direct channels, has drawn up the first detailed report concerning life in the nazi-held regions of the Soviet Union. This report¹ is extremely cautious and moderate—over-cautious certainly and over-moderate, the data having been collected apparently with the nazi administration's consent. It contains no descriptions of German atrocities. It is well-constructed, business-like and illuminating, especially if we read between the lines and transpose technicalities into terms of the human tragedy which lies behind them.

The author begins by speaking of "the immense work" accomplished by the occupying forces, but also "the immense difficulties" they have to deal with. All along the fighting lines they must con-

sider themselves in an enemy country. The so-called "front-zone," which is about a hundred miles wide, is entirely controlled by the German military command. In this zone, writes Ladyjensky, "arrests, requisitions and executions are conducted with no formalities whatever. The military police protects the army's rear against spies and guerrillas."

The rest of the conquered territories is placed under the rule of Alfred Rosenberg and his *Ost-Ministerium*. It is divided into the *Ostland* proper (comprising Russian and Baltic regions) and the Ukraine. Each of these respective areas is controlled by a Reichskommissar, assisted by General Kommissars and regional and municipal Kommissars. All these officials are Germans, except for the members of the *Landseigene* (native) administration of the Baltic lands, specially favored; but even these are directly under nazi supervision, though autonomy has been promised them "in the future." In the Ukraine, contrary to the hopes of the autonomists, the entire administration is German. The local population is only allowed an extremely limited activity: it is entrusted with the organization of the sanitary board, the press, public education and labor. But these various branches are far from being autonomous and are directly subject to nazi administration. An important part in administrative life is played by Ukrainian and White-Russian "interpreters," that is by a "collaborationist" element, which if it shows sufficient loyalty and cooperation, may in the long run furnish a staff of "native officials." A few White Russian officers and captured Red Army military commanders have entered the ranks of the nazi army, and about 200,000 Ukrainians have been mobilized, according to the statements of the German press. But the report mentions no extensive collaborationist movement and stresses, on the contrary, the disappointment felt by the Ukrainians, whose nationalist and autonomist aspirations have been frustrated.

Freedom of conscience and of religious cult has

¹ This report, dated September 10, 1942, Saint Julien en Genevois Haute Savoie, France, has only quite recently reached America and has been published in Russian by the Russian rightist newspaper *Rossya*, New York, December 30, 31, 1942, January 1, 2, 1943. The author does not state under what circumstances his information was gathered.

been recognized. However (the report states) the appointment of Alfred Rosenberg to the post of supreme ruler of the *Ostland* inspired the religious minded population with "certain apprehensions." The nomination of bishops must be ratified by the German administration, and the land confiscated from the churches by the Soviet Government "will not be returned." The Ukrainian autocephalous Church expected to be specially favored. The Russian-speaking elements of the Ukrainian population, however, remained attached to their own hierarchy, so that the occupying forces have at last permitted the co-existence of both the Ukrainian and Russian churches.

The head of the third element present, the Uniates, Bishop Sheptizky, has recently issued an appeal inviting all Orthodox to union. This appeal is the natural continuation of the lifelong activity of this unanimously respected prelate. Indeed, Bishop Sheptizky, who has suffered what amounted to persecution under all régimes and was imprisoned in Tsarist days, is one of the most remarkable Catholic apostles in those regions where Catholics and Orthodox meet. The report does not tell us what were the reactions to his appeal, but we are sure that the Uniate Bishop's words were clothed both in authority and understanding.

Yet there have been rumors of Catholic priests (both of Latin and Eastern rite) brought by the Germans to occupied Russia. Whether these rumors are correct the author of the report does not say. He leaves the question open. But even so it is unfortunate that such statements have been made, and it is a fact that long before Ladyjensky's report, similar assertions reached us from various sources. The very fact of Catholic missionaries being sponsored by the nazis is enough to breed the worst kind of hostility and distrust. German interference can only discredit the Eastern Catholic rite in Russia for many years to come. It is the deplorable historical truth that Catholic missionaries too often have come to Russia with an invader.

* * *

In spite of his extreme caution, the author of the report paints a sombre picture of occupied Russia. Epidemics, especially of typhus and dysentery, have wrought havoc among the population. No medicines are available, and the sanitary services have been completely disorganized. Industry is still in a state of chaos. The majority of the workers were evacuated and machinery was destroyed by the retreating Red forces. Several hundred thousands of workers have gone to Germany, lured by promises of free labor and good wages. But "according to information received [writes Ladyjensky], these promises were not kept . . . working conditions are extremely hard," and the Russian workers are "completely

isolated and defenseless" in Germany. Meanwhile, the depopulated regions of the *Ostland* are being intensively colonized: not only German, but even Dutch farmers are being transferred to occupied Russia.

The disorganization of industry is acutely felt in these regions. In spite of the development of German firms and of German commercial travelers, who flood the *Ostland*, "the scarcity of manufactured goods is unimaginable." Transportation is considerably hindered by the lack of rolling stock. Most of it was destroyed by the retreating Russians, so that locomotives had to be brought from Germany and from occupied Western countries, but many of them have been damaged by the winter cold. The report omits any mention of the difficulty arising from the difference between Russian and German railroad gauge.

The report gives interesting details concerning Hitler's famous land reform in occupied Russia. A special decree was issued by A. Rosenberg concerning the suppression of the Kolkhoze system, which "nobody regrets." Private property is to be restored and a special bureau has been created in the Ukraine, which is to deliver "land-certificates." In reality, the reform has remained on paper. A "certain part of large estates, such as the State Farms, and a number of Kolkhozes will be preserved as state concerns and directed by German officials," Ladyjensky writes. Other Kolkhozes, instead of being turned over to the peasants, will be converted into agricultural communes, because "the Germans consider that it is impossible to return immediately to private land-ownership, because of the lack of agricultural implements, horses and oxen." According to the new decree, the peasant's individual plot of land will be increased and will become his private property, but this is indeed a meagre advantage compared to the promises given and the slogans proclaimed by nazi "anti-communist" propaganda. If "nobody regrets" the Kolkhozes, nobody welcomes the new system of State Farms run by German officials. The report clearly states an essential fact: the nazis have not satisfied the population's "desire to return immediately to the régime of private property and individual culture, which of course presents considerable technical difficulties. . . .

"It is useless to describe," Ladyjensky goes on to say, "the heavy burden which weighs on the Russian peasant's shoulders." Military requisitions "often deprive him of all the essentials" and his very labor is expropriated. German administrators "completely ignore these difficulties"; they act "as if the question of the occupation of Russian areas were irrevocably solved." All this embitters the local populations. Freed from the Soviet régime, they suffer from a new bondage. The representatives of separatist movements no longer

believe that the nazis will grant them autonomy and resent Hitler's system of colonization, which has nothing to do with self-government and self-determination. As to the purely Russian regions, the report insists that "*Germans have always there been considered as enemies. . .*" The people "fear the return of the communists," but "nobody wants to admit the eventuality of a definite conquest." And the author concludes by saying that "it is an indubitable fact, that the Germans enjoyed unlimited possibilities of gaining the population's sympathies." Indeed, they could have established a régime, which, however strict and authoritative, would have appeared more humane than the former communist rule. Instead, they have replaced one totalitarian system by another. And so "the Germans were unfortunately unable to utilize these possibilities."

In other words the myth of Hitler's "anti-Bolshevik crusade" has been definitely exploded. As we read Ladyjensky's report, we must constantly bear in mind that this dry *exposé* of facts and figures conceals an unspeakable human tragedy. But it also fortifies our convictions that Russia's spirit has not been crushed, and that the conquered populations know one thing: that this conquest is not to endure.

Strangely enough, another testimony to Russia's spiritual resistance and dynamism comes to us from Germany herself. It is brought to us by *Novoye Slovo*, the Nazi controlled Russian newspaper published in Berlin.² This paper, which is the official organ of the *Ostland*, is mostly devoted to collaborationist themes, entirely lacking in interest. But here and there appears correspondence dealing with local life in the occupied regions. From such we learn that the Russian relief organizations, which have been granted a certain scope by the occupying authorities, are doing remarkable work. In spite of the greatest of difficulties and intense poverty, these devoted workers have achieved the impossible, restoring health administrations, public education, social welfare and insurance institutions. They are continuing the best traditions of social work and humanism which have always inspired the Russian intelligentsia.

Another interesting item of the *Novoye Slovo* is a survey recently published by a certain Victor Larionov, who visited Smolensk in August, '42. The author speaks with enthusiasm of the Russian masses:

From the moment you enter into contact with them you are surprised by many things, and especially by the speech of simple peasant women. The Revolution has rendered current many words which were formerly the privilege of the cultured classes alone. . . . You will not find a shadow

² A digest of this newspaper has been published in Russian by the *Socialist Courier*, the Russian Social-Democratic organ in New York: January 5, 1943.

of frustration in the Russian, who has acquired a sort of inside political consciousness which does not coincide with the official line of the monstrous government [meaning the Bolshevik régime]. . . . If you look into his suffering, all-understanding eyes, you will lose for a long time your sleep and your peace of mind.

The author had another surprise when he encountered men who still resembled *Tchekhov's* characters of the old intelligentsia, which is still alive. He also discovered a remarkable "new intelligentsia"; young students, writers and engineers absorbed in social and political problems, acutely aware of life's higher realities, searching for truth with as much eagerness as their ancestors described by Dostoyevsky. And Larionoff is deeply impressed by the Russian woman:

No doubt, I will cause surprise to those who think the Soviet girl immoral. She is directly, *naturally* pure, though many of her kind have been through considerable experiences. Anti-religious propaganda has not turned the Russian girl into a militant atheist. True, you may not meet her in the cathedral, but this does not prove a low spiritual level. There are other reasons for this but it is untimely to speak of them.

And the author, who evidently considers it "untimely" to speak of many things, returned to Berlin with a heart full of new emotions. Forgetting that he is a contributor to a nazi paper, he candidly exclaims:

In misfortune, poverty, blood and humiliation, you are infinitely more dear to me than in your days of glory and happiness, oh long-suffering Russian land!

Such are the gleanings brought to us from long-suffering Russia. Some day we shall know all the truth and learn all that for the present we can only guess at. But the little we know already suffices to sustain our faith. Free Russia is fighting with a new vigor. The defenders of Stalingrad and Leningrad have revived Russia's noblest traditions of courage and self-sacrifice. The conquered populations of the tragic *Ostland* have proved through their dignity the truth of Dostoyevsky's words: "The Russian is no slave."

Permutation

War is not only the dead, the actual dead;
It is the lost, though living, the estranged
From all that was a former way of life,
Now hopelessly destroyed, now irrevocably changed.

And peace is not a taking up of life again
Where last that living was laid down;
It is a building of a world upon strange shores,
A second-growth within another time and town.

Devise no plans beyond this transient hour,
And be twice-frugal of what you found on hope:
War's pattern is that senseless brief mosaic
Seen once, once only, in a child's kaleidoscope.

T. SGT. FREDERICK EBRIGHT.

Pembina

"Where the red Missouri bring-
eth rich tribute from the West."

By T. D. Lyons

ONE BLUSTERY February day, in the early nineties, the great hard-coal heater in the Redstone Mercantile Company's pioneer dry goods and groceries emporium threw out a grateful heat on a knot of earnest stockmen and grain-raisers who were debating a much mooted question. George M. Stratton, who was something of an amateur soil expert, had just voiced his favorite dictum that "Dakota would never be a corn country." In response to one of Postmaster Jim Douglass's arguments that the Sioux River valley raised fine corn, Mr. Stratton said, "Yes, the river valleys will grow both corn and trees, but the real prairies will not grow either—they were made to raise wheat and grass. After all, wheat is just a variety of grass."

Jim Douglass then said, "Well, George, you are a great expert of fine and expensive horses, as Sultan Saladin proves."

"Enough of that," said George M. And Jim Douglass continued, "Richard Lyons is going to demonstrate, this year, that the Big Place will raise corn." "Well, I wish him luck," said George M. Stratton, "but seeing is believing."

My father had always been enthusiastic over the possibilities of Dakota as a corn country, but his efforts to raise the great maize plant had been unsuccessful. The Iowa seed corn grew a fine stalk and sometimes produced roasting ears, but the September frost which came in Dakota usually before September 10 made it valueless except as a fodder crop. My father had taken up the problem very seriously with Mr. Archer of Archer & Howe, the great grain commission merchants of Saint Paul, with the result that at the very time of the discussion there was *en route* from Buffalo, New York, a carload of Chief Brant seed corn, a prize winner in the great Mohawk Valley. Legend claimed that the ancestor of this corn was raised by Sir John Johnson, the British Indian Agent, on land which the Chief had presented to him on the occasion of Sir John's marriage to his beautiful Mohawk wife, the Chief's daughter. The legend tactfully omitted the matter of Sir John's other subsisting marriages; as well it might since the marriage was for Sir John a diplomatic necessity to conciliate the friendship of his Britannic Majesty's allies of the Five Nations.

In due time the car of corn arrived at Redstone,

was shovelled into wagon boxes, hauled out to the Big Place and listed in on the section (640 acres) east of the "tree-claim." On May 22 the green shoots of the "Mondamin," as it was called in Dakota out of deference to the Sioux language, made a pleasant sight for anyone driving along the public highway. My father drove the Hambletonians clear around the section and extolled the merits of the new seed corn to Jim Douglass, who likewise boasted of it in the Redstone Mercantile forum after distributing the mail.

But June 4 demonstrated that "man was made to mourn." The Sioux Falls *Press* carried the headline of the great June freeze which had killed all the corn although the hardy wheat plants survived.

My father and Jim Douglass rode out from Redstone on the gallop. My father poked his forefinger into the roots of half a dozen hills of corn and shook his head sadly toward Jim Douglass, who agreed that the roots were blighted and dead. By the time my father had reached "the machine-shed" on the Big Place, the strong will of the pioneer had become as aroused as if the frost were some individual opposition to his making a success of the corn-growing venture. He summoned all hands and told George Davidson to have thirty teams equipped for corn listing by noon. There was still enough of the seed corn in the "flat-house" at Redstone to seed the 640 acres of land. He arranged with Charlie Ochsner, the wholesale implement dealer, to lease him twenty John Deere corn-listers, and within a week the section was replanted to corn.

George M. Stratton said, "Richard, you remind me of the Irishman in Abe Lincoln's story. 'I admire your pluck but damn your judgment.' Your great Mohawk Valley corn will freeze about September 7, when the stalks have nothing but nubbins on them." However, to the surprise of everyone including my father, September 15 came without a frost and we had magnificent roasting ears. There were two to three long ears on every stalk. My father announced in the Redstone Mercantile Company's place that the venture was a success although he expected, of course, that every night an inevitable frost would terminate the ripening process so prematurely as to make the crop merely an experiment.

However, the frost held off, and on September 27 my father exhibited ears of corn seventeen inches long with big yellow kernels perfectly ripened and gloriously mature. George M. Stratton paid homage to the success of the venture and came to the Big Place to pick a wagonload of the big ears for next year's seed.

The next day he told my father that he thought the crop would go sixty bushels to the acre, which would mean a total crop of almost 40,000 bushels. My father then was confronted with another problem. The price of corn was low, and we had no storage facilities for such an enormous yield. However, he was equal to the situation, and by the end of October George Davidson returned from the Belle Fourche country with a thousand head of grass-fed "critters." My father leased the Nels Jensen place adjoining the Northwestern Stockyards and we began hauling four hundred bushels of the great yellow ears of corn in from the Big Place every day.

By December 10 a fine lace curtain of snow had fallen on the corn field and the job of husking became somewhat severe. Several big coveys of prairie chickens made their home in the corn field, so Steve Archimbault got to carrying his pistol to the corn field and almost every day he brought down two or three big roosters. They were too tough for frying, and since George Davidson had just butchered a fine fat shoat, Steve gave us a sample of what he called a "Bad Lands" delicacy. He stewed the big prairie chickens with hog's liver, rutabagas, and onions, and all agreed that it made a fine winter night's supper.

The days had become very short. Sunrise was after eight in the morning, and often at night we were on the road late with a load of corn and saw the flashes of the northern lights. The stars shone in the frozen sky with a steely glitter and late at night there was the "long glory of the winter moon." My father had set January 7 for shipping the train load of cattle, which had been given a diet of chopped millet, bran and shorts, and sorghum as well as the mighty ears of corn. Will Sterling, Dakota's silver-tongued orator, at that time chief counsel for the Northwestern at Omaha, aided my father in having a cattle train and an extra switch engine set out at Redstone and telegraphed to say that he was coming in person with a "brass-collar" assistant general manager to see that the railroad facilities were at the highest state of efficiency.

He advised that he would arrive at 3:30 A. M., and would come immediately to the Redstone Mercantile Company for a visit. My father notified General Sheafe, who was a great admirer of Will's, and although the hour was somewhat unconventional, a pleasant company was assembled for the visit. The talk naturally drifted to the statehood period, and Will Sterling reminded Gen-

eral Sheafe that he had opposed the division of Dakota territory into two states and favored a single great state which should have the glory of bearing the famed Dakota name.

My father remarked that probably neither of them knew that a proposition had been suggested to carve three states out of the territory. To their surprise Olaf produced from the files two letters to my father written shortly after his election as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in the spring of 1889.

One was a brief letter of congratulation from the "greatest private citizen of the country"—the Honorable Grover Cleveland, who the month previous had retired from the presidency. He recalled briefly pleasant chats with my father and others who had come to Washington to urge the claims of Dakota to admission as a state. The letter closed with a little homily in Mr. Cleveland's oracular style warning against the "heresy of sumptuary laws." This referred to the question of constitutional prohibition, but the warning was ineffectual insofar as the majority of the delegates was concerned. As to my father, it was absolutely unnecessary. But it was the other letter that attracted attention and excited interest.

The writer was a lady newspaper correspondent who had spent three weeks of the preceding summer at the Palmer House in Redstone enjoying the prairie chicken season. The letterhead set forth that she was the secretary of the New York and New England Society for the Preservation of Indian Place Names. A part of the letter, after courteous congratulations, read, "Now, Mr. Lyons, I have read with absolute horror that the seamless garment of the great name of Dakota is to be divided and that we are to have North Dakota and South Dakota. What folly and what incongruity. It would be more in accordance with fact to name the two states Arctic Dakota and Less Arctic Dakota. Let me propose something sensible, natural and beautiful. You should have three states, the region between the Missouri and the Big Sioux should be given the name of Dakota and its capitol should be your own county seat of DeSmet, named for the famous missionary Jesuit, the friend of the Indian, and the able unofficial diplomat. The region "West of the River," all of the Territory west of the Missouri should bear the historic name of Mandan, which the fur traders and frontiersmen baptized it with when Minnesota was a territory. Its capital of course should bear the beautiful name of Belle Fourche. The region remaining, lying between the Missouri and the Red River of the North, should bear the great historic name of Pembina which it bore before Dakota territory was thought of. Its capital of course should be Grand Forks, but the name should be written Grand Forks of the Red River."

The letter ended with the quotation from a poem,

"Tis where Ontario's billow like Ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake the echo of the
world,
Where the red Missouri bringeth rich tribute from the
West
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps on green Virginia's
breast."

"Well," said Will Sterling, "although the lady gave you quite a large order, Uncle Dick, in the matter of states and capitals she did quote some fine verses."

"I intend to incorporate them in my lecture on the Missouri River, which I have been invited to deliver at Kansas City, on Washington's birthday."

General Sheafe said that he believed that the letter showed good common sense as well as literary skill; he had always favored separate statehood, but if there was to be a division he believed that the one suggested by the letter was preferable to what we have got. He gave a little history of the Pembina country which he had visited before he became a trooper in Sheridan's cavalry. He said that the Pembina settlements were the oldest in the Dakota region, that Lord Selkirk had mistaken the international boundary line and originally established a settlement at Pembina which he later moved to Fort Garry, the site of Winnipeg. He told of the days when the mail came by dog team on sleds from Saint Paul and of the great two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen or buffalo which the descendants of the French and the Ojibways used as their sole means of transportation.

"Pembina," he said, "is indeed a name almost as famous as Dakota itself, and North Dakota in my judgment would do well if it had taken the name of Pembina and left Dakota to the southern neighbor."

At this juncture Olaf Norstrom, the manager of the Redstone Mercantile Company, announced that he smelled the aroma of boiling coffee, and sure enough a big "granite" three gallon coffee pot exuding fragrant steam made its appearance. There were big sandwiches, cheese and pickles and many other delicacies from the Redstone shelves. About the time fresh cigars had been lighted, Olaf announced that the "north-bound," which stopped at Redstone at 7:10 A. M., was due in fifteen minutes and General Sheafe and Will Sterling took a reluctant farewell.

The tale of the cattle loading must await another chapter. My father rode to Chicago, in the caboose on a "shipper's pass," and made a very satisfactory deal with the Sinnott Commission Company, who were then the big buyers at the stockyards. On the day when we expected his return, we were all up before 3:30, much

excited over the occasion and the expected presents which he always brought from a journey on a stock deal. The train turned out to be an hour and a half late, we had a big breakfast at 5:30 and at 6:00 my father pushed back his chair, waved aside my mother's protest that "he ought to get some rest" and started for the Redstone Mercantile's establishment "to take up matters with Olaf."

At about eight o'clock, he was showing Cap Palmer and Mr. Cyrus Clark a clipping from the *American Miller* extolling the virtues of cornmeal ground from the famous Chief Brant Corn "originated in the famed Mohawk Valley of New York and grown on the Beautiful prairies of South Dakota," the article stated. In his enthusiasm, my father did not at first observe that Frank Albright, the depot agent, had come in with a telegram, or a "message" as it was always called in Dakota. Assuming that the message was some word from the Chicago Commission House relative to the cattle deal he took it very casually and opened it slowly. Then he gave a muffled exclamation, turned his back on his auditors and automatically lit a match as if to relight his cigar which already had a good glowing fire.

When he turned it was very slowly and his face was drawn. He said, "This telegram is from Sioux Falls," and he read, "Will Sterling died this morning, will advise concerning funeral. R. F. Pettigrew."

Then my father said, gently, "Poor Will—his family needed the salary." Then he said again, "Dear Will—" and then something in the memory of the old wagon-train master's experience flashed into his speech, "Poor Will—but—no more rivers to cross."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

NOT LONG AGO, this column was devoted to some comments on the very important work being carried on by the American Center of the Pro Deo group, particularly the stimulating and constructive CIP Correspondence, and its supplementary Forum, in which the chief contemporary problems of our age of crisis are discussed from the undeviating point of view grounded on the doctrine of the Church; with insights gained through sympathetic and thorough study of modern conditions, and of living personalities and movements outside the Church as well as within. The hope was expressed that such sound journalism might be still further supported by the work of Catholic researchers in and expounders of the vital connection between Christian dogma and tradition and the work of dealing with the main problems of our age. The latter work must be carried on mostly by Catholic journal-

ists, and men and women leaders in political, economic and other social circles, not in isolation from our fellow citizens of other forms of faith, but rather in the spirit of full and candid cooperation—save, of course, in regard to problems where the Catholic principles involved unmistakably require equally frank and candid opposition. I made reference, in the former column, to fairly recent volumes of scholarly research and analysis of great modern problems as the books of Father Wright, of Boston, and the Reverend Dr. Donald MacLean of Catholic University. And now there can be added another publication of the Catholic University Press, with the formidable title “The Metaphysical Relation between Person and Liberty and Its Application to Historical Liberalism and Totalitarianism,” a doctoral dissertation by the Reverend Rudolph John Harvey, O.F.M., M.A.

Years ago—how many, I won’t enquire too fussily for time past begins to seem less important, though very lengthy, when viewed in the decreasing light of time to come, when one has reached a certain (or should it be, uncertain?) age—I recall having had, for a short time, the privilege of serving Mass for a young Franciscan priest, on his vacation in the country town where I was then living. Now, as I read his learned, penetrating, mind-clearing and spirit-lifting essay, I am impressed as so many times before, when reading works of exposition of Catholic doctrine and of philosophical analysis and application of thought to life written by priests, by the wonderful way in which true priestly devotion to the liturgical expression of Christianity, above all in the Mass, not only guides the work in striving to express Christianity in its relation to intellectual and social problems and affairs, but so often imparts to their written or spoken communications an unobtrusive yet most unmistakable clarity, suasion and energy. Time after time, when reading not only this thesis of this Franciscan priest-scholar, but also many other similar works by his fellow priests, secular and religious alike (that new generation of American clergy who are to teach and inspire the coming age of ever-expanding Catholicism in our new world), I have been deeply struck by the value not only of the greatly needed knowledge which they dispense, but almost equally as much by their attractive styl, and their underlying humor or wit or kindly yet keen irony. And I have longed with all my heart that our schools and universities would develop more such writers; and more writers, as well, who could take such volumes and re-express them and at times edit them as they stand, but in a more popular direction—not vulgarization, but rather simplification—for the benefit of our journalists and publicists and teachers and, in general, our public. Not just our “Catholic” general public, if the word is taken—as too many Catholics stubbornly persist in regarding it—narrowly, in a sectarian, sometimes, a bigoted sense, but Catholic in its universal application. The Catholic University and many other of our universities and colleges—Fordham, Georgetown, Notre Dame only suggest the list—hold great treasures not sufficiently utilized, for lack of what might be called a special corps of popularizers of the mass of potentially constructive work amassed by our clerical and scholarly lay researchers

and authorities in many fields of theology, history, philosophy, economics and cognate themes.

Well, all this may be—I hope it is—germane to Father Harvey’s dissertation. Even if it does not tell my readers very much, in a practical manner, of what his book is all about, and how he handles his subject! But how grateful they will be—even to me—if they write to the Catholic University Press for a copy and read it and, reading it, become stronger and more enlightened both as Catholics and as American citizens, and as human beings, in doing their part in humanity’s grim struggle to preserve what is valid in our Christian civilization, and to labor, as they now fight, in the present as well as in the future, to develop, not merely to maintain, it. So read the book—and dispense with my review of it. That will accomplish the best effort of any review of a good book.

The Stage & Screen

The Barber Had Two Sons

IN JESS SMITH’S production of “The Barber Had Two Sons,” a melodrama by Thomas Duggan and James Hogan, German soldiers in invaded Norway die (a) by strangling—on stage—(b) by throat-slitting—off and on stage—(c) by explosion of an infernal machine—with noise on, but explosion off stage—and (d) by pistol shot—on stage. Blood never flowed more freely when Carroll Daly put Race Williams through his paces mowing them down with a .45 in each hand, or when Hammett cleaned up Poisonville with one of his private eyes.

This gory melodrama is well sustained throughout by a thoroughly capable cast. Now and then the audience trembles on the verge of laughter, and always at the wrong places. In fact, it seemed to me at times that the play would eventually show our Nell tied to the railroad tracks. If you don’t like shockers, you had better not see this.

Blanche Yurka is billed as the star, but her part is rather trifling. Also playing are Richard Powers, Walter Brooke and Tutta Rolf. The latter is a European actress, new to these parts, who does a most difficult rôle with sly expertness. A nice ethical question could be extracted from this play: while war continues are the disarmed and unorganized men of an invaded country entitled to use the method of assassination? (*At the Playhouse.*)

Ask My Friend Sandy

THIS is billed as a farce comedy by Stanley Young. This author of a farce comedy is licensed to begin his play with any premise he likes. An audience, on the other hand, is licensed to demand that whatever the premise, the consequences in a farce should be gay, urbane, unexpected and laughter-provoking. “Ask My Friend Sandy” is a boring development of the impossible idea that a man of sense could be persuaded by a brash young pup in uniform to give away all his possessions to prepare for the day when nobody will have any property. Roland Young occasionally stirs up a laugh during three dull acts, but, if you like

Mr. Young as I do, you are well advised to look him up in some movie house. There is a beautiful setting by Watson Barratt unhappily wasted on this unhumorous failure. (*At the Biltmore.*)

Counterattack

THE IMPORTANT THING is to act correctly. Heroism consists in correct action. Such is the moral of this Russian play adapted by Janet and Philip Stevenson, presented by Lee Sabinson and produced by Margaret Webster. The situation certainly called for correct action. Two Russian soldiers are left in a cellar guarding a group of Germans captured during a Russian counterattack. They are charged to hold the prisoners alive that they may be delivered to Russian Intelligence. A bomb explosion seals captured and captives in the cellar. It is doubtful that rescue will be made, and, if there be rescue, it is doubtful whether the rescuers will be Russians or Germans. The prisoners include a German army captain and an agent of the Gestapo—both cleverly disguised. The outnumbered captors are attacked by guile, force, and by their own feelings of humanity and exhaustion. Nevertheless, they act "correctly."

Unlike the Germans in the "Russian People," the enemy in "Counterattack" recognizably belongs to the human race. One soldier is converted to the Russian cause. A German nurse, well played by Barbara O'Neil, likewise shows inclination toward the end to forswear her allegiance to the master race. Morris Carnovsky as Kulkov, apostle of correct action, was outstanding for his powerful reading of a part calling for open-hearted decency combined with fierceness and tenacity of purpose. (*At the Windsor.*)

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Hi Pal

A DELIGHTFUL surprise is waiting for moviegoers who see the new Disney film. Disney and his staff went down to South America and set about promoting some good neighborliness. "Saludos Amigos" does just that. It shows the artists in SA seeing the sights and making their sketches. Disney tried this personal touch once before, in "The Reluctant Dragon." This time it is more successful—except that the technicolor is garishly flamboyant. But the artists' sketches are excellent and have a feel for the people, their customs and surroundings that strikes true. Four of the sketches become animated cartoon shorts and every one of the four is a honey. Donald Duck, now an American tourist, enjoys the beauties of Lake Titicaca before he tangles with the natives and animals. Then there's the charming short about Pedro, the little Chilean plane who learns to carry the mail one day when the mama and papa plane are indisposed. Through storms, mountain passes and all the perils of flying goes Pedro. He falters, he sputters, but he gets through with the mail (which consists of a picture postcard reading: "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here"). American Cowboy Goofy appears in one item to learn a thing or two about being an Argentine Gaucho. Perhaps the character that shows Disney at his best is the new Joe Carioca. Joe is a parrot, a native of Brazil, and

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

IT'S EASY TO DO YOUR SHOPPING AT ALTMAN



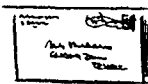
EASY TO GET HERE

... three bus lines stop at our corners . . . subways are only a block away . . . and for commuters, the Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations are within easy walking distance.



EASY TO ORDER BY PHONE . . . call MUrray Hill

9-7000 for the things you need, if the weather is bad or your shopping time is short. Our telephone service is quick and efficient—and a great help these days.



EASY TO ORDER BY MAIL . . .

a letter in your nearest mail box will bring today's essentials from Altman right to your home. You will like our prompt, friendly way of taking care of your order.

what a swagger he has as he rhumbas, twirls his cane, shows Donald Duck around town. Needless to say, Donald and Joe become close pals. "Saludos Amigos," without a touch of condescension, but with its hand stretched out in warmth and understanding, is a sincere step in the direction of being palsy.

There's many a slip twixt the film and the script. I didn't read the original story by Leonard Q. Ross and Leonard Spigelgass, but the rumor goes that Samuel Goldwyn paid \$70,000 for "*They Got Me Covered*." Harry Kurnitz wrote the screenplay; Frank Fenton and Lynn Root added some cracks and dialogue. Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour head a good cast which includes Otto Preminger, Marion Martin, Edward Ciannelli and Lenore Aubert. David Butler directed and Mr. Goldwyn gave the film his usual slick production. Somehow it all seems like another imitation of other Bob Hope pictures, particularly "*My Favorite Blonde*." This time in a Washington locale, Bob finds himself pursuing and pursued by secret agents—German, Italian, Japanese. As a foreign correspondent Bob is in bad with his office for failing to cable the news of Germany's attack on Russia; he hopes to get in good again and win another Pulitzer Prize by following a tip from a Rumanian in Washington. When the saboteurs realize Hope is getting wise to them, they decide to discredit him by marrying him off to a blond burlesque queen. The whole affair ends in a big chase and rumpus in the beauty salon that is a front for the saboteurs. Bob Hope manages to squeeze what fun he can out of the excitement. The funniest lines he makes even funnier with his well timed delivery. But the material is thin and even Hope can't get a joke out of hackneyed situations. Lamour is given little to do; however she's pretty doing it. No doubt all this was meant to be a parody on all our other spy-and-chase melodramas. It laughs at them all right, but doesn't make us laugh very much at it.

"*The Crystal Ball*" is a rather dull and pointless movie. Its feeble script tells the story of a Texas girl (Paulette Goddard) stranded in New York. Befriended by an unscrupulous crystal gazer (Gladys George), the girl uses the Ball and her own physical assets to ensnare a lawyer (Ray Milland) who is already tied up with an empty-headed young widow (Virginia Field). Director Elliott Nugent must have realized that he had no story to work with, so he strains hopelessly to drag in some humor. The result is unfunny, tedious and not worth your time or the cast's or technician's efforts. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Haushofer's Geopolitical Theories

By MAX FISCHER

ABOUT few personalities of today's Germany there are circulating so many stupid legends in this country as about Haushofer. One year and a half ago a sensational article appeared in the *Reader's Digest* "unveiling"

the allegation that Haushofer and his "thousand pupils" are the intellectual power behind Hitler, a kind of "Super-Gestapo," which directs Germany's attempt to rule the world. Meanwhile two good books about Haushofer have been published, both fit to confront these phantasies with sober reality and to pull his relationship to Hitler into the light of truth. Andreas Dorpalen's "*The World of General Haushofer*"¹ is in greater part a well translated selection from the writings of Haushofer, his predecessors and his pupils, to which the author adds some interpretation and criticism. The more ambitious book by Hans W. Weigert, "*Generals and Geographers*,"² has rich though not very well organized material on Haushofer's problems.

Geopolitics, the science of the relationship between geographical space and politics, is not a German invention. Since the time of old Strabo these problems have been tackled by many geographers without using the name that is current today. And America possesses some geopolitical literature, among it the valuable books by Bowman and Spykman.

There is nothing sensational about Haushofer except his insistence that statesmen should study geopolitics for setting and attaining their political objects, as well as that those ignorant of geopolitics will display a lack of realism. So he teaches geopolitics with a view to the present and future rather than to the past. By knowledge and training in geopolitical thought, Germany could "emerge out of the narrowness of her present living space into the Freedom of the World." Germany according to Haushofer lacked the geopolitical sensitivity with which to realize the high tensions of her international position. To remedy this, Haushofer tried to popularize some few "universal, easily understood ideas."

The man who stimulated Haushofer most in developing geopolitics into a "practical science" was an English geographer, Halford J. Mackinder. On January 25, 1904, on the eve of the Russo-Japanese war, Mackinder read before the Royal Geographical Society in London a paper called "*The Geographical Pivot of History*" (reprinted in Dorpalen's "*World of General Haushofer*"). According to Haushofer, this analysis of the world situation predicted the development of world-politics after 1914 and is the greatest geographical contribution ever to come to his attention. "Why did the leading statesmen not see what this geographer saw and wrote prophetically in 1904? . . . The costs of geographical ignorance are immensely high."

In this 1904 paper and in a later book, "*Democratic Ideals and Reality*" (1919; a new edition has been published recently by Holt), Mackinder acknowledges that sea power has in the twentieth century no longer the same world-governing influence as during the first four centuries after the discovery of America. Through industrialism and modern means of transport the Eurasian heartland, once weak compared with the great sea powers, will become supreme.

Mackinder regrets that his British homeland, to whom he attributes the highest moral qualifications among all

¹ Farrar, \$3.50.

² Oxford, \$3.00.

countries of the earth, will lose its world leadership to the growing "power" of the Eurasian "barbarians." England has by all means to stall off a Russo-German rapprochement. The aged geographer has probably enjoyed few things in the last years so enthusiastically as Hitler's decision to attack the Soviet Union.

Haushofer accepted Mackinder's basic ideas, but, as an advocate of "Greater Germany," with different political applications. Like Mackinder he hails the geopolitical importance of the Soviet Union, the connecting territorial link between Germany and the "other country of the future," Japan. Availability of the Trans-Siberian Railway and trans-Asiatic airlines would offset for Germany the lack of sea power; it would provide an overland route, "free from Anglo-Saxon influence," and communications between China, Japan and Central Europe would no longer depend on the British consent. As Mackinder warned against Eurasian "rapprochement," Haushofer wanted to avoid a splitting of "Eurasian solidarity." A German-Russian-Japanese line-up was to him the Triple Alliance needed to break the world empire of the British.

Rudolph Hess, Hitler secretary and later the *Stellvertreter* (substitute) for the Leader till his mysterious flight to England on May 10, 1941, is a pupil of Haushofer. Through him Hitler came in touch with many ideas of the Munich geopolitician. Some paragraphs in "Mein Kampf" read just like a digest of Haushofer by a half-baked pupil. But as a whole Hitler's ideology is much more influenced by Alfred Rosenberg than by Karl Haushofer. Rosenberg teaches the "myth" of the race and the superiority of the Teutonic people as an unchangeable biological fact; Haushofer believes in the forming of people by geographical and cultural conditions. Nazi anti-Semitism bothered Haushofer, though he himself sometimes howled with the wolves. His wife, as a matter of fact, was a "half-Jewess" and his sons were "quarter-Jews," exposed to the legal restrictions of the Nuremberg laws till they were declared "honorary Aryans" in appreciation of the fact that they had once protected Hess from his pursuers after the Munich Beer Hall Putsch.

That Haushofer turned with special intensity against Rosenberg's ideas was not only because he saw in this vain dandy and half-baked pseudo-mystic a human type any general of the old school has to despise. Rosenberg was and is the instrument of Tzarist circles who hope that Hitler may overthrow Bolshevism and allow Russia to return to the *ancien régime*. Against all this Haushofer preached German-Soviet friendship which he, like Count Brockdorff-Rantzau and General von Seeckt, regarded as the safest way to "blow up the chains of Versailles."

Even under the red covers of Leninism and Stalinism, Russia remained in Haushofer's mind Dostoyevski's great Eastern country, full of weird enigmas. "What has become," he muses, "of the Russian people's soul that is so wonderfully vibrant in its language and its music? Has it really been mechanized or is it, indeed, only obscured by foreign doctrines? Is the Russian soul sleeping to awake suddenly and frighteningly?"

When Papen and Ribbentrop brought about the pact with Stalin, Haushofer saw Germany following his ideas

on the safe road to victory. It was the "realization of a Eurasiatic continental policy, which, as Mackinder had predicted, would destroy or at least seriously endanger the British Empire."

Hitler's aggression against the Soviet Union was a bitter disappointment for the teacher of continental war geography.

It is quite possible that Hess's crazy flight to Scotland, to this day an unsolved mystery, can be connected with Haushofer's conviction that Hitler might push Germany into inevitable misery by a war on two fronts. We are advised that the aged scholar himself, on account of his inopportune Cassandra cries, was forced for some time to make the acquaintance of a concentration camp.

Today Karl Haushofer is a broken man. His political Utopia of a unified continental front from the Atlantic coast to the Japanese island has been frustrated. All his writing and lecturing, all his friendship and unworthy concessions to the Nazi leaders have been in vain. Hitler has made the same blunder that lost the First World War—fighting England and Russia at the same time.

Haushofer, not a fatalist like Spengler, believed like any philosopher of the enlightenment that the right policy can be inculcated by the right doctrine. But Hitler followed his own "intuition," and now looks in vain for a way back to Haushofer's recipes.

"A larkish blend of musical comedy, poetic farce and circus... a brilliant carnival." —LIFE MAGAZINE ALFRED LUNT · LYNN FONTANNE THE PIRATE An Extravaganza by S. N. BEHRMAN presented by The Playwrights' Company and The Theatre Guild MARTIN BECK Theat. 45th St. W. of 8th Ave. Evs. 8:40, \$1.10 to \$3.85. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. \$1.10 to \$2.75.	N.Y.'s 2 BIG HITS	"A memorable experience in the theatre." —HERALD-TRIBUNE The Playwrights' Company presents THE EVE OF ST. MARK by MAXWELL ANDERSON Cast of 25 including ALINE MACMAHON CORT THEATRE 40th St. E. of 8'way. Evs. 8:40, \$1.10 to \$3.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. \$1.10 to \$2.75.
SPECIAL MATINEES WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY		

Approved By The Catholic Theatre Movement
For The Entire Family

Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
"STARS ON ICE"

CENTER THEATRE Rockefeller Center CO 5-8474

A Musical Ice Extravaganza in America's Only Ice Theatre

Biggest Show Value
In Town

Evs. Incl. Sun. 8:40.
Mats.: Wed., Sat. & Sun.
No Monday Perf.

50c · \$1.00 · \$1.50 PLUS TAX

Saturday Nights Only 50c-\$2.50 plus tax.

BEST SEATS \$2. Plus Tax ALL PERFS.
A play for the family and children

JUNIOR MISS

46TH ST. THEATRE, W. of Broadway, CL 6-0076

Every Evening Except Monday, 8:40, \$3 TOP
Mats. Saturday 2:40, Sunday 3 P.M., 50c to \$4

2 PERFS. MON., FEB. 27 MAT 2:10 EVE 8:40

Editors' Choice

JOHN BACH McMASTER. *Eric F. Goldman. Pennsylvania.* \$2.50.

ART OF WORLDLY WISDOM. *Balthazar Gracian. Translated from the Spanish by Joseph Jacobs. Macmillan.* \$1.50.

Professor Who Made Good

IN THE gayer '20's certain salesmen, high-pressuring to bring about the "adoption" of their textbooks by the nation's schools, did a lot of talking about the virtues of such authors as David Saville Muzzey, the Beards and West and West; the big selling point was the wealth of material on how earlier Americans made their living, and on their social customs, a new element that had found its way into these authors' history books. College travelers, whose knowledge of their wares is often more on the superficial side, also mentioned in passing the fine new feature of great chunks of social and economic matter in the advanced history texts they were pushing. The idea was that now at long last American history courses in school and college could be something more than wars and political campaigns! Why did these innocents know so little of John B. McMaster, who brought out the first volume of his highly social and economic "History of the People of the United States" back in '83?

McMaster's career is an American success story if there ever was one. He was twenty when he decided to embark on his popular chronicle of the period, 1783-1861; it took him thirty years to complete the eight volumes into which his project developed. The first volume was a runaway best seller and at thirty-one he was appointed a full professor at the University of Pennsylvania. Fourteen years later, concerned about "making ends . . . not only meet but overlap," McMaster entered the lucrative schoolbook field. Within five years his school history sales totaled almost 400,000 copies "and brought its author over twenty thousand dollars in royalties." In time over 2,700,000 copies of his various school histories were sold, but by the 20's they had seen their day as had many of their immediate imitators. True to the American success story pattern, McMaster, though in his early fifties, did not know what to do with himself when he had completed his final volume.

What sort of an historian was he? To begin with, science was his original field and he was teaching engineering at Princeton when Volume I made its first triumphant appearance. He was attacked far and wide for adopting the phraseology of some of his secondary sources (Mr. Goldman gives a few striking samples). His quotations were none too accurate and his footnotes prone to error. By today's standards his viewpoint could hardly have been worse; he was opinionated about historical figures, reactionary, chauvinist. He was violently attacked for submitting the manuscript for his school history to a watch and ward committee of the GAR, even though he turned a deaf ear to most of their recommendations. But inspired by Macaulay, he had hit upon a formula for success: he had brought before the public the results of undertaking the vast and "burdensome duty of going through all the newspapers" of every period he studied. Besides that his "History of the People" was national rather than New England or Southern in its outlook. He was at the same time the historian that embodied the prejudices of the McKinley era middle class. "It was

probably the conservative tone and interpretation of McMaster's volumes which permitted them to win so large an audience. . . ." He did reflect nineteenth century self-satisfaction and optimism. But his pages on earlier American life still make fascinating reading.

Mr. Goldman's little book is not without its own elements of charm. It is as heavily documented as if McMaster were himself one of the most prominent men in all American history. The author had dozens of personal interviews to which he refers by footnote, while even McMaster's marks and honors at City College are thoroughly documented. It is an attempt at biography which really does come off, all the more remarkably in that it requires less than 160 pages.

Aphorisms

BALTHASAR GRACIAN was a seventeenth century Spaniard and a Jesuit. He wrote a number of books we have neither read nor heard of, and a book of maxims, the "Oráculo Manual y Arte de Prudencia," Madrid, 1653, which the Macmillan Company has now caught up with by re-editing an English version issued—complete with preface—by one Joseph Jacobs in England in 1892. Mr. Jacobs and Balthasar Gracian make a curious pair, with the Englishman quainter and dustier than the Spaniard and 1892 more remote than 1653. The Englishman seems aloofly interested in the fact that Gracian was a Jesuit. He is impartially doubtful about both Gracian and the Jesuits. He remarks that Gracian was "engaged in teaching what passes with the Order as philosophy and sacred literature," but then with a slight echo of the cadence of the *stilo culto*, he suggests that the Jesuits becoming worldly Christians made the world more Christian.

For his part, the Spaniard leaves Christianity almost entirely out of the picture. He leaves the poor out of the picture also. His purpose seems to be to tell gentlemen how to get ahead, and there are three hundred maxims and the only proper way to read them would be one a week. He wrote at a time when books were not hastily read, and each of his maxims—even each sentence in each maxim—he probably thought of as a starting point for a discussion, with his friends commenting, adding anecdotes and filling in the scene with the gossip of Madrid and the court.

His friends are no longer with us and we are left with the dry bones of wisdom. Not always wisdom, sometimes platitude, sometimes something very close to smartness, but on the whole the ideal of the gentleman in his mind is a high ideal. He tells how to win friends, but they are friends worth winning—and not just to sell them insurance. He tells how to succeed but "the sole advantage of power is that you can do more good."

Here is another maxim, very proud and magnificent: "Be able to boast that if gallantry, generosity and fidelity were lost in the world men would be able to find them again in your own breast." And then in the last of his maxims it is as if in the evening, after all the discussion of the world's affairs and how a man must be prudent and must defend himself, he said to his friends there is something else I have not been talking about it, I am a literary man not a saint, but you know there is something else and I am discreet and I do not talk about it very much, but after all it is the only thing that counts and so do not forget it: "Virtue alone is serious, all else is but jest." Two hundred years or so later, Léon Bloy said it better: "The only sadness is not to be a saint."

More Books of the Week

The Command of the Air. Giulio Douhet. Translated by Dino Ferrari. Coward. \$4.00.

AT LONG LAST the late General Douhet's celebrated doctrine of air power is now available in translation from the Italian. This first edition in English is complete, containing the four original books in one.

Douhet declared in 1909, when the airplane was barely hatched, "command of the air will be at least as important as command of the sea . . . the army and navy must look upon airplanes not as mere auxiliaries to be put to use in certain circumstances only." Not content with mere warnings and predictions, he formulated a well rounded doctrine for the use of the air arm, which is considered as the foremost expression of the fundamentals of air power. In considerable detail and with uncanny accuracy he analyzed the coming jurisdiction, organization, strategy, tactics and potency of the air arm.

Douhet (1869-1930) graduated from the War College and Technical School at Turin, was commissioned in the artillery, commanded an aeronautic battalion before the last war, and in 1915 was a lieutenant colonel serving as Chief of Staff of the Milan Section. But just as General Mitchell, the leading American exponent of the air arm, was courtmartialled in 1925 for his outspoken views, so Douhet, critical of Italian operations, was brought to trial for insubordination in 1916 and spent ten months in military prison. Later vindicated, he was placed at the head of Italian aviation in 1918. After the war he was raised to the rank of general, and became the first Undersecretary for Air.

"The Command of the Air," which first appeared in 1921, was followed at intervals by other writings from the same pen, but except in air circles Douhet's work attracted little attention. He became the focus of bitter attacks in both the lay and technical press, even as those who champion air power in our own day. Answering some of his critics Douhet remarked, "To break away from the past is disturbing; but so is man's conquest of space disturbing."

Although the gist of Douhet's doctrine can be meagerly sketched in a few sentences, his brilliant work itself must be read to obtain its prophetic flavor and the clear logic of its reasoning. The air arm, he declared, is far more than a simple adjunct to surface forces (the "eyes" of the fleet, etc.) or a mere means for hit-and-run bombing sorties. He was convinced that air power was destined to become an unrivaled striking force in its own right, which could even prove decisive in war. Douhet maintained that for the air arm to reach its full potentialities as a weapon it must be emancipated from the restrictive guardianship of the army and navy, to become an autonomous, independent air force, capable of seizing command of the air.

By "command of the air" Douhet did not mean mere local supremacy, nor a preponderance of air means; but the condition achieved when "the enemy's planes are reduced to a negligible number incapable of developing any aerial action of any real importance in the war as a whole." Douhet emphasized the importance of striking at the nerve centers of enemy industry and at the heart of enemy power. In the past, he wrote, one had to be content to destroy enemy guns individually by shell fire, but today one can destroy the factory where the guns are made. "Destroying an enemy's airplanes by seeking them out in the air . . .

"This Publishing Business"

GASOLINE AND THE MIND

No one ever reaches intellectual maturity while he has access to a motor-car. Because the intellect needs quietude. So gas rationing is wonderful luck for the mind. If it lasts long enough quite a number of us will reach mental maturity who would otherwise have lived and died as babes.

To these somewhat dogmatic pronouncements there are two possible retorts: first: "*I have a mature mind.*" and second: "*Who wants a mature mind?*" As to the first there is one quick test: is your mind mature enough to occupy yourself? Most of us would have to answer no. So far from our mind being able to occupy us, we are in constant need of something to occupy it. We must forever be going somewhere, doing something, talking to someone. We fall into a panic at the thought of having nothing to do, for that means being alone with our mind, and our mind hasn't the resources.

The second retort—"Who wants a mature mind?"—is the retort of the happy lowbrow. He would not stay happy if he ever got a good look at the mind he has so long neglected. A body that gets no care, no exercise, and no solid food, grows flabby and greasy and short of breath, bulges in the wrong places, sags in the wrong places, looks deplorable. So does a mind.

But there is another reason for doing something about the mind: even when this war of bombs is over, mankind will go on being torn by a war of minds—the Church's mind against the World's. Every Catholic whose mind is a flabby unmuscular half-lit nullity will be a liability in that war, totally unable to help, an encumbrance, a burden upon the rest. To be effective for that war, our minds must develop muscles and master that outlook which specifically is the Church's. We must learn to see what the Church sees when she looks out upon life. Our minds must gather strength and gather light: and gas rationing gives the opportunity.

One way (not the only way, but a way) is to devote the time to the study of the Catholic Masterpiece Tutorial Series. The eight books cost only \$6.50—which, in terms of the gasoline you can't get, would only take you a thousand miles: these books will take the mind immeasurably further than that. The eight books are not text-books: a glance at the list below will show that they are written by masters of Catholic writing. They are arranged to follow each other in such a way that the whole forms a pattern in the mind—the grand outline of life as the Church sees it: Christ Our Lord in Himself and in His Mystical Body, the Mystical Body in itself and in the concrete history of the Church living among men, the world and its problems as the Catholic mind judges them.

Each book is furnished with a Tutorial Introduction, dividing the study of the book into four weeks, helping to a comprehension of each section, showing how that particular book illumines the whole pattern. You can study the books alone or form groups and study them with others. At the end of a year you'll be surprised how little you will have missed the miles you might have driven.

By the time gasoline is once more available, you will no longer find your own company intolerably boring. You won't need always to be driving your body somewhere: for you will have a mind in which you can make some pretty exciting journeys. FJS

THE CATHOLIC MASTERPIECE TUTORIAL SERIES: ARENDZEN, Whom Do You Say; NEWMAN, Callista; BELLOC, Survivals and New Arrivals; BENSON, Christ in the Church; WADDELL, The Desert Fathers; CHESTERTON, What's Wrong with the World; A New Translation of the CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE; and a New Anthology of English Catholic Poetry: POETRY AND LIFE, Selected and Edited with an Introduction by F. J. Sheed. The set of eight books, uniformly bound in cloth, \$6.50.

Sheed & Ward · 63-5 Av. N. Y. C.

is the least effective method. A much better way is to destroy his airports, supply bases and centers of production." These are the very targets on which the RAF and AAF are now concentrating in their growing aerial offensive on the continent.

As to the composition of air power, Douhet maintained that effectiveness cannot best be achieved by means of a heterogeneous army and navy auxiliary aviation made up of dozens of types of planes designed for a score of different tasks, a specialization he claimed that broke true air power into fragments, but rather by an independent air force largely made up of what he termed "battleplanes"—large and heavily-armed combat-bombers—specifically designed to seize command of the air. Operating in *mass* and thanks to superior *fire-power*, he contended that the independent air force would be able to fight its way to enemy nerve centers to deal devastating blows. Foreseeing the laying waste of a nation's resources from the sky, his dictum for his own country's strategy in war was, "Defend on the surface in order to mass in the air."

The nearest approach to Douhet's controversial battleplane are our revamped, more heavily armed flying fortresses, which have been strikingly successful (sometimes without fighter escort) both as bombers and in knocking the most up-to-date enemy fighters out of the sky at a ratio, according to latest USAAF records, of 6 to 1. By some it is maintained that the turning back of the swarming bombers of the nazis over Britain in 1940 by a handful of RAF pursuit planes reveals fundamental flaws in Douhet's reasoning, while others believe that had the German bombers followed the Douhet model the shielding wings of the RAF could not have prevailed, and Hitler would have won the Battle of Britain.

This source book of air power is suavely written and reads smoothly in translation. It will be widely read not only by those directly connected with civil and military aviation, but also by all those interested in the fast developing strategy of the war—a strategy increasingly dependent on the airplane. The development of aircraft for war purposes is far from having reached maturity. Time is unquestionably on Douhet's side. His book must be regarded as one of the really important works of our time.

JOHN WALTER WOOD.

Listen, Hans. Dorothy Thompson. Houghton. \$2.50.

NOW THAT public confessions by academicians are the mode, I must admit that I have always had my doubts about Miss Thompson. Reading her column or listening to her talks, I could not down the suspicion that she was typical of one species of American clubwoman who uses the world as a Victorian lady employed her cupboard, as a private preserve to be arranged to taste. Perhaps the unkindly portrait in an old issue of the *New Yorker* influenced me unduly, but she always appeared a bit quixotic, a female Knight of la Mancha who charged enthusiastically into any mêlée. Like the rider of Rosinante, she tilted for the best of causes and her assault upon Hitlerism suited me perfectly. But the suspicion persisted that her agitation was constitutional: that she was as restless as Dante's Francesca, as belligerent as Penthesilea, as persistent as Cassandra.

This volume has resolved my doubts. Miss Thompson, of course, has her limitations. The most charitable comment upon her brief incursion into the remoter past of Germany is silence; her complaint that Germany has not

followed her Goethes is a bit naïve, for the "prophet is without honor" and we have been forgetful of our Emersons; her plans for a federation to replace the national state system are necessarily vague. Yet I prefer her "Listen, Hans" to a whole library of recent stuff on the post-war world. It is fundamentally rational and ethical. It emphasizes the obvious evil in nazidom, but rejects the racial theory in reverse and refuses to classify all Germans as Huns. It looks for the good beneath the evil; it weighs causes; it proclaims German nationhood as desirable and argues against dismemberment; it makes a case for a spiritual awakening. It points out the inadequacy of the four freedoms; it sees no object in fighting this war to return to nationalism, imperialism and "free enterprise." It defines the "common man" as one interested in the establishment of a community and a commonwealth in harmony with his reason and conscience. And it insists that German idealism, universalism and technical ability are necessary for the success of this project. Such balance in a confirmed controversialist is an indication of a great mind.

The book reproduces a series of short wave broadcasts made to Germany during the past year. They represent a kind of intellectual flying fortress designed to paralyze the enemy's rear by psychological weapons. Addressed to an anonymous friend in the Reichswehr, they give the impression that they may have been effective, although it would be impossible to weigh their results. They are prefaced by a lengthy essay which sets forth Miss Thompson's ideas on the war and the peace with her usual vigor. It is this preamble that I consider a striking testimony to her sanity.

Willingly would I be your squire, Miss Thompson, as you tilt your lance against the dragons of vindictiveness and revenge. Allow your faithful Sancho to hold your stirrup and polish your shield. For the voice of reason has a powerful champion when you ride forth, and your task will not be easy when the going gets tough.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

How to Teach Consumers' Cooperation. C. Maurice Wieting. Harper. \$2.00.

THIS IS the very book we have been waiting for. It packs into a few pages the most valuable material on the principles, philosophy, statistics, and achievements of the cooperative movement that has yet appeared. It is timely, too, in its treatment of the effect of the war upon cooperatives.

Dr. Wieting is not proving any thesis; he is aloof and objective. He lets the facts speak for themselves, and their message is most convincing.

There is a possible surprise in the book for lukewarm cooperators not thoroughly familiar with the movement and ignorant of its prestige in America. This surprise is in the imposing array of economists, sociologists, statesmen and powerful non-business organizations, such as the National Education Association, that are solidly behind the cooperative movement. The effect of Dr. Wieting's presentation of facts, and this evidence of the support of worthwhile persons and organizations, is to fill the reader with confidence that the cooperative movement in North America is safe and secure.

The unspoken verdict of Dr. Wieting's presentation of the case for cooperation is that the study of the movement should form a part of the ordinary school curriculum. Cooperation has attained a place of importance sufficient to warrant this study, and its promise for the future is such that to neglect giving it a place in the schools leaves a

serious gap in the school course. The introduction of co-operation into the curriculum would be as a transfusion of fresh blood; it would enliven and motivate the traditional rule of three.

Cooperators, would-be-cooperators, and anti-cooperators should read Mr. Wieting's book. Each will find therein the answers to his questions on cooperatives; each will conclude that the cooperative movement in America is healthy, strong and ever-growing, the great promise for the future of our continent.

M. M. COADY.

The American Leonardo. Carleton Mabee. Knopf. \$5.00.

IT MUST have been from the lips of the subject himself that Mr. Mabee derived the title for his new biography of Samuel F. B. Morse. At a banquet arranged in his honor at the close of his career, the illustrious veteran told the survivors among his fellow-artists that "Science and Art are not opposed. Leonardo da Vinci could find congenial relaxation in scientific researches and invention." That there was a large disparity between the mental equipment of a da Vinci and his own does not entirely invalidate the comparison.

When one comes to recall that it was not science and art alone that contended for the mastery of Morse's mind, but that at various stages of his career he aspired to be a theologian, a politician and a photographer, it must be admitted that few men of his distinction have been his equal in versatility. But of these minor avocations which hesitated in turn on the brink of developing into a vocation, it was in photography alone he achieved something of a success, and this was due to his popularizing in America the invention of the Frenchman Daguerre. As a theologian he was a bitter and belated survivor of the extreme Puritan tradition, who reacted with equal violence against the defection of the Boston Unitarians and the philosophy of the Catholic Church. And as a politician (it is not generally known that he ran twice for Mayor of New York) his principles were those of the "Know-Nothing," or nativist, party which sponsored his candidacies, while throughout the Civil War he was a Copperhead who carried his opposition to the Lincoln Administration to the point of editing more than one periodical rather frankly seditious in tone.

In Morse's excuse it may be said that some of his *démarches* in fields outside of his authenticated domains were dictated by a series of financial mishaps which up to the day of the triumph of his telegraph recurred in apparently never-ending succession. Whatever else he was, he was no business man.

It is therefore in the two fields of art and science that we are called upon to consider him, and in both Mr. Mabee is of substantial assistance in his painstaking analysis of material never assembled before even more than in his conclusions, which have been generally anticipated by the better-informed, although perhaps not understood by the public at large.

In the field of art Morse was a portrait painter of substantial merit. His weakness lay in a leaning—common among the painters of his day—toward "story-telling" art, those great "historical" canonades that were supposed to epitomize and apotheotize some important event, such, for instance, as the Landing of the Pilgrims. Fortunately commissions for them were hard to obtain, and in Morse's case did not count. His large canvas of Congress (the Congress of his early days in Washington) was

"A challenge to all Americans"

A LATIN AMERICAN SPEAKS

By Luis Quintanilla

"The distinguished Mexican, lately Minister Plenipotentiary to Washington, has blazed a trail, for he writes in English to tell us some things Latin America thinks about the United States. . . . The glory of his book is his faith in 'Hemisphere Democracy'. . . . We shall profit from his speaking."—Leon Whipple in *Survey Graphic*. \$2.50

"Of first rank importance"—NEW YORK SUN

VICHY TWO YEARS OF DECEPTION

By Léon Marchal

An inside report on the Vichy regime by the former Counselor of the French Embassy in Washington now on the Fighting French Staff. "The most penetrating analysis yet presented of the complex personal factors in the tragedy of France. . . . Americans who want a close-up of France's collapse, both as to personalities and events can't afford to miss this book."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. \$2.50

What Mussolini did to his country

ITALY from Within

By Richard G. Massock

"This book justifies its title. It is the most revealing and convincing picture of the Italian nation at war which we have yet had. . . . Mr. Massock (former Chief of the Rome Bureau) is one of the ablest men the Associated Press has ever sent abroad."—*New York Herald Tribune Books*. \$3.00

"Just about perfect."—THE NEW YORKER

Destroyer from AMERICA

By John Fernald

"It does your heart good to read how the British handled one of our old over-age destroyers on the convoy run to England. . . . This book is as good as a sworn document, and a thriller to boot."—Harry Hansen in *N. Y. World Telegram*. \$1.75

At all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue New York

Your heart is merciful--

MEDICAL MISSIONS make a perpetual appeal to those who pity suffering bodies and souls. Read the letters of the missionary Bishops, published in *Medical Mission News* every other month, and you will realize the needs of the suffering millions to whom we minister. When the war is over the appeals will be multiplied. An offering that seems small to you will bring to one of these rest from pain, comfort in suffering. This charity is the golden key which unlocks the hearts of the pagans. One group of Sisters brought a thousand pagan criminals, on the very eve of their wholesale execution, to ask with tears for baptism. What a harvest of souls in a few days!

A HUNDRED COMMUNITIES of men and women, and many missionary priests and Bishops besides, working in a thousand mission stations, in our own and other lands, have been aided, will be helped again. "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." (St. Matthew: 25, 40.)

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS to The Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President of The Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th St., New York, N. Y.

MADONNA HOUSE BENEFIT SHOP

Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side.

Queensboro Bridge Market

59th St. & First Ave.

ELdorado 5-4794

WE NEED:

Clothing Furniture House Furnishings

We will call for anything you will give. Contributions of money will greatly help our work here among God's poor.

MADONNA HOUSE

169-175 Cherry Street

New York City

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart

188rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Courses offered: Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Choir Conducting—Liturgical Singing—Polyphony—Choral Class School Music—Theory—Harmony—Counterpoint—and other branches of music. Lessons in Organ—Piano—Violin—Voice.

Telephone: Edgcombe 4-1500

saved from the worst excesses of this *genre* by the inclusion of a great number of actual portraits, thus introducing an enlivening note of realism. Nor were his services to art confined to his own works. He was a considerable influence among the young artists of his day and professor of painting and sculpture in the University of the City of New York, and an instrument of their emancipation from professional tyranny in founding the National Academy of Design.

But it is, of course, to his title as inventor of the electric telegraph that he owes his world renown, and here the nature of his services is in need of the very careful discrimination and analysis Mr. Mabey has brought to its description. He ascribes its "conception and early mechanical form" to Morse. Others were involved at all stages except the first upon the idea, and even in the perfecting of his own type of instrument the contributions of some of his partners and fellow workers overlapped and in some cases improved upon his own. He was given (not intentionally, but through unconscious optimism) to claiming for himself in respect to priority more than was his due. One of his partners was dishonest and sought throughout the long struggle over the patents and in Congress for nothing but the largest possible share of the profits for himself. It is greatly to Morse's credit that he favored at the outset and at several periods thereafter the acquisition by the Government of his invention, but our legislators of the day were not sufficiently enlightened to take advantage of his generosity.

In conclusion too much praise cannot be accorded the publisher for the form and make-up of this book. The binding is a combination of richness and restraint which must appeal to the eye of every artist, while the title-page and subsequent typography reflect equal credit on the compositors' art.

J. K. PAULDING.

Little China. Alan Houghton Brodrick. Oxford. \$5.50.

THE traditional conservatism of the Oxford University Press makes it a little difficult to know exactly who Mr. Brodrick is, except that he has written a short volume on North Africa for the same publisher. Further biographical information is lacking, and so one can feel free to venture a few guesses as to what sort of man he is from this exceedingly personal book on the Annamese lands. I somehow do not think that Mr. Brodrick is still in the full flush of youth. His general tone is that of a generation which almost made a religion out of the sort of anthropology attractively dished up by Frazer, which led you to have a certain charming scorn for all systematic religious belief and led you to an acceptance of anything your found in the world, however cruel or immoral by Christian standards, if only because, following the Westermarckian thesis, custom is the great ethical determinant.

From this the reader may gather what sort of book "Little China" is. If you do not read it in the frame of reference of the intellectual background I have sketched out above, you will have every reason to be shocked and disgusted with its point of view and many of its asides. But if you bear in mind the peculiar mentality which seems to have shaped its author, and if you are interested in Oriental culture generally, you will find much in the volume to instruct you and even to please you. For its descriptions are sensitive and its illustrations superlative. And it is full of *curiosa* and shrewd comment.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

The Inner Forum

New Sword of the Spirit Program

CATHOLICS in this country have long looked with admiration and hope at the Sword of the Spirit movement launched by their English brothers in August, 1940, under the active and outspoken leadership of Cardinal Hinsley.

From the first this movement distinguished itself by its articulate and determined promotion of social justice in both national and international life. It supported the "ten points" embodied in a manifesto issued by Cardinal Hinsley together with the Anglican Archbishops of York and Canterbury and Rev. Walter Armstrong, head of the Free Church Federal Council. Of these, the first five points were those of Pius XII's peace program and the remainder a radical statement of social and economic objectives. This program the Sword of the Spirit promoted with lectures, forums, schools, publications, admitting only Catholics to membership, but appealing to men of good will in every faith.

Now we learn that the Sword's sub-committee on industrial democracy has issued a detailed program defining the post-war organization of English economy as seen in the light of Catholic social doctrine. Anyone interested in a Christian society will want to read this statement, which is the most detailed, practical, and radical program that has yet been put forward by any official Catholic organization in either England or America.

The program calls for councils in each industry representing labor and management, having a semi-legal status and concerning themselves with just wages, prices, profits, pensions, training, etc. This is similar to the CIO's Murray Plan, but goes farther than that plan in proposing that all employers and employees become members of their trade association or trade union, that the General Council of Industry coordinating the whole thing be directly represented in the legislature, possibly in a "revised Second Chamber." The statement also emphasizes the importance of the Atlantic Charter's four freedoms, opposes imperialist domination by any one nation or group, calls for a strict regulation of savings and financial control.

Point 17 reads: "Despotic economic domination whether by nations, groups, or individuals must be controlled. As between nations it must be replaced by cooperation to regulate and develop economic expansion."

(Those interested can find a fuller text in many diocesan weeklies appearing January 30-31, 1943, or in *Our Sunday Visitor* for January 31.)

CONTRIBUTORS

Helen ISWOLSKY is the daughter of a former Tsarist foreign minister and is the author of "Light before Dusk."
T. Sgt. Frederick EBRIGHT is a poet now with the armed forces.
T. D. LYONS continues his Dakota reminiscences.
Max FISCHER is a former German newspaper correspondent now living in New York.
John Walter WOOD is an airport designer and the author of a book on his specialty.
Rev. Joseph N. MIODY is serving as a naval chaplain.
Rev. M. M. COADY is one of the founders of the Antigonish cooperative movement.
J. K. PAULDING is a New York literary critic.

U.S.A. LITURGICAL EDITIONS



THE FIRST EVER TO HAVE *The Imprimatur of a U. S. Archbishop . . .*

The first and only editions ever to be produced in the United States from the setting of type to the completed bound volume . . . The only volumes ever edited by American Liturgists in accordance with the Editio Typica Vaticana . . . And, they are the first to contain the 31 Mass changes decreed by Pope Pius XII, (April 1942), all, in their proper place.

U. S. A. LITURGICAL BOOKS ARE DOING THEIR PART FOR AMERICAN LABOR AND INDUSTRY

ALTAR MISSALS

Missale Romanum, <i>Quarto Edition</i> , 8"x11"x1 5/8"	
Black; Imitation Leather, Gold Edges	\$25.00
Red; Morocco, Gold Cross, Gold Edges	35.00
Missale Romanum, <i>Large Quarto</i> , 8 3/4"x11 3/4"x1 5/8"	
Black; Imitation Leather, Gold Edges	30.00
Red; Morocco Leather, Gold Cross, Gold Edges	40.00

BREVIAIRES — OFFICES

Breviarium Romanum, 4 Vols., 12 Mo. 4 5/8"x7"	
Black; Leather, Gold Edges	Set 32.00
Black; Goatskin, Gold Edges	Set 40.00
Little Office of Blessed Virgin Mary (For Priests)	
Fine Turkey Morocco Leather, Gold Edges	3.35
Little Office of Blessed Virgin Mary (For Religious)	
Amer. Morocco Leather, English Rubrics, Gold Edges	2.50

REQUIEM and HAND MISSALS — RITUALS

Missae Defunctorum, Altar Size, 9 1/2"x13"	
Imitation Leather, Blind Stamp Purple Edges	6.50
Small Altar Size (8"x11") Same binding as above	4.50
Missale Romanum, 12 Mo., <i>Latin Hand Edition</i>	
Imitation Seal, Flexible, Red Edges	4.75
Baptismal Ritual, Edited by Most Rev. B. Eustace, D.D.	
Black Imitation Leather	2.75
Marriage Ritual, Edited by Most Rev. B. Eustace, D.D.	
Red Imitation Leather	4.00
Burial Ritual, Edited by Most Rev. B. Eustace, D.D.	
Purple Imitation Leather	4.00

MISSALS FOR THE LAITY

The New Roman Missal (Latin and English)	
With the 31 Mass Changes, By Father Lasance	3.75
The Sunday Missal (Illustrated)	
In Latin and English, By Father Lasance	2.25

From Your Local Dealer — Or Direct

BENZIGER BROTHERS, Inc.
SINCE 1792

26-28 Park Place New York, N. Y.
 BOSTON - 106 Chauncy Street — CHICAGO - 223-5 W. Washington
 CINCINNATI - 429 Main St. — SAN FRANCISCO - 758 Mission St.
 L.D.S.A.

WANTED: A VIGOROUS STREAM

1. The business manager says,
"A magazine needs
two things
to get ahead in
the world.
2. "One is a high
renewal rate;
the other is
a vigorous stream
of new subscriptions."
3. THE COMMONWEAL
has the first.
Our readers can,
if they will,
supply the second.
4. So send three names
and addresses of
people you know
who want to be
in the know.
And we will send
free sample copies
and a sales talk.
Thank you.

Educational

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School. Conducted by Catholic Laymen. The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron. Six Years' Course. College Board Examination. Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty-seventh year. Eighty miles from New York. Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster, New Milford, Connecticut.

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island (on Narragansett Bay, 8 Miles North of Newport. Conducted by Benedictine Monks assisted by lay masters. Six years' course. College preparatory. 120 acres. Every facility for sport and athletics. The Monks of this Congregation conduct Downside and Ampleforth schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland. Catalogue sent on request. For further information apply to the Secretary, Portsmouth Priory School, Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

COLLEGES—WOMEN—MINNESOTA

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Winona, Minnesota. For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400." Only five hours ride from Chicago. Address the Secretary.

ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Confers B.A., B.A. in L.S., B.M., B.S. degrees. In addition to Liberal Arts subjects, Majors are offered in Art, Music, Speech, Home Economics and Library Science. Library School accredited by the American Library Association.

COLLEGES—WOMEN—NEW JERSEY

CALDWELL COLLEGE

For Women. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Caldwell, New Jersey. Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Teacher and Secretarial Training.

COLLEGE OF ST. ELIZABETH

A Catholic College for Women, on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Regular arts courses, pre-medical, secretarial, teacher-training, music, home economics, science. Degrees—B.A., B.S. in Commerce, B.S. in Home Economics. For catalogue, address the Dean. Convent Station, New Jersey.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington, D. C. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For Information Address the Registrar.